



**THE DAILY DEMOCRAT,**  
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WEDNESDAY, - OCTOBER 17, 1860.

When Men Believe in Witches, Witches Are.

We have lived more than half a century with our present naturalization law. We have prospered as a people beyond example. We were small in numbers and resources, but we have grown in population and wealth until we are almost unnumbered amongst nations. Our domestic and foreign policy has been successful. In peace or war we have commanded the respect of the world.

The rights of States, the rights of person and property have been secured, whilst individual freedom has been enjoyed to an extent unknown before in the world's history. If adopted citizens have done us any harm, the damage is quite unknown and trifling. They have swelled the tide of our population, added vastly to our industrial power, whilst they have rejoiced with the native-born in the blessings of freedom. In peace they have taken a common interest with the native born in our domestic policy; in war, they have breasted the storm of battle on the same fields, and lie buried in a common grave, with the native citizen.

If our government, either State or National, has suffered any danger lately, it might be pointed out surely—it might be made visible to common eyes; but we have only vague generalities and disengaged fancies, which haunt the imaginations of the public.

We have been suddenly startled with the cry of danger from foreigners. It is repeated until some people are really panic stricken. They see ghosts, the creatures of a disengaged brain. She once believed in witchcraft, and saw convincing proofs of the presence of the evil one. The skeptic was an infidel, not fit company for a Christian people. Who dared doubt the reality of the black art, in which all good folks believed? and it was just as real as the dangers from foreign influence, just now so religiously believed.

It has been lately discovered, too, that Catholics are full of hidden, invisible dangers to this country. They have been for half a century our friends and neighbors. They aided in fighting for our freedom, in forming our institutions. In every emergency they have aided in defending them. To the unprejudiced eye a Catholic patriot, in council or in field, has looked for all the world like a Protestant patriot. Heretofore all have floated along the same ship of State—the Catholic and Protestant showing equal anxiety for a prosperous voyage to the same port. The outcry of treachery abroad no crazy man has raised until the last year or two.

What a noise and confusion has the outcry raised! In a season of profound tranquility and great prosperity, when the practised marines could see no breaker ahead, except the old one on the slavery question, new revelations from midnight lodges are announced to an astonished people.

Amidst the panic and confusion of invisible dangers, a whole ship's crew may lose sight of a real one! There is one question in this country that looks dark and forbidding. We are nearing it now, and we are not sure that these bugaboos were not gotten up by traitors to divert public attention from the slavery question, whilst they could work out their treasonable designs.

Whether so intended or not, such has been the effect so far. The South has ample reason to know that her enemies have ridden these new hobbies into power.

Whatever opinions may be as to that, there can be but one opinion about the character of these new ideas, or rather old ones revamped. They are as unreal phantoms as the doctrine of witchcraft, and based upon the same sort of disengaged imaginings. Our whole history ignores them; all our old statesmen never saw them.

The Know-Nothings have made such an experiment upon public credulity, and with so much success, can they not go a step farther by way of illustrating the subject of anthropology, and put into their oaths an abjuration of witchcraft in politics? Let them swear the faithful not to vote for a wizard. Let the organ hint at first that the black art is about; a fiction or two about spirit rappings will awaken appearances, and in a short time the witches will appear. The editor of the New Albany Tribune confesses that he had heard but little of the Indiana elections on the 12th, and his information is yet very much restricted. He knows, however, that his party is beaten, and he accounts for it all satisfactorily. The "Americans" did not vote. They, from accident or indifference, stayed away from the polls.

Precisely so; we thought as much. That's just the reason the Democrats were beaten in Kentucky. Our voters didn't come to the polls. All the legal voters in Kentucky that remained at home, or somewhere else, on election day, had come up and voted the Democratic ticket, as they should have done, and as we have a right to assume they would have done, we should have beaten the self-styled Americans some twenty thousand.

The voters did not come out. First rare reason, Mr. Gregg; stick to it. It will bring you out, if you can only get those voters out.

All sorts of Paragraphs.

The Mammoth Weekly Democrat is issued this morning, filled with the latest news from all quarters of the globe. It contains carefully prepared reviews of the Louisville markets, also commercial reports by telegraph from all the leading ports in the Union. It may be obtained in strong envelopes ready for mailing at the desk; price five cents per copy.

Fan is the frying-pan of sorrow. The haughty spirits come out of it "done brown."

Truth and virtue generally go together. A woman who tells the truth has a life that is drawn up to the highest standard of rectitude and propriety.

Such will no more go into the path of sin and other naughtiness, than the sex will refuse to kiss at picnics.

There is one reflection which must be consoling to the poor Africans—that, however refined their circumstances might be, they were never known to be without a heart.

The commissioners for building new churches in London, says a foreign exchange report that during the past year twenty-seven have been erected in that city, having accommodation for 18,375 persons, including 11,774 free seats. In thirty-six years the commissioners have erected 397 churches, and provision made therein for 587,150 persons, including \$30,400 free seats; twenty-one new churches are now being erected.

Prudence governs the wise; but they are few, and the most wise are not so at all times; passion actuates everybody, and almost always.

He is conversant with Yankee peculiarities; knows of the scenes of folly, has been on the New England stage, and describes them, we understand, intimitately.

We are pleased to hear that the "Young Men's Christian Association" have engaged him to deliver some lecture in our city. We hope to hear "Yankee Land" before his departure, and many other rich, gay things which he has at command.

The first lecture will be at Mozart Hall, on Thursday night next. Of course, our city ladies and gentlemen will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear one whose reputation, we can assure them, is surpassed by his wit and power.

We cannot too highly appreciate the efforts of the young gentlemen of the "Christian Association," for their efforts to please our citizens by furnishing them with such distinguished literary lions as Holmes and Stowe, and hope that they are the heralds of other of the same genius and ability.

The THEATRE.—The attendance last night was a little better than on Monday night, and the Dumb Man of Manchester went off in better style.

To-night will be performed the grand comic pantomime, in two acts—Don Juan—Mr. Mathewman taking the character of Scaramouch. We don't much like the Dumb Man; it makes the principal character gay entirely too much; still, so far as performing his part is concerned, Mr. Mathewman cannot be excelled. Go-to-night and see him.

The PEASANT CHILD, all strong and wild, growing quiet and meek; All hangs his heavy head, And bows beside the mother's knee.

He roves no more in gamsome glee, But hangs his weary head, And bows beside the mother's knee.

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